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Reading Room

PACIFIC

STROLLER'S SONG.

The clouds all round the sky are black,
As it never would shine again;
But I'll sling my wallet over my back,
And trudge in spite of the rain!

And if there rise no star to guide
My feet when day is gone,
I'll shift my wallet the other side,
And trudge right on and on.

For this of truth I always note,
And shape my course thereby,
That Nature has never an overcoat
To keep her furrrows dry.

And how should the hills be clothed with grain,
The vales with flowers be crowned,
But for the chain of silver rain
That draws them out of the ground!

So I will trudge with heart elate,
And feet with courage shod,
For that which men call chance and fate
Is the handiwork of God.

There's time for the night as well as the morn,
For the dark as the shining sky;
The grain of the corn and the flower unborn
Have rights as well as I.

—Alice Cary.

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PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

Portland Congregationalists have decided that they prefer to have the next Pacific Coast Congregational Congress in 1910 instead of in 1909. Postponement has accordingly been made to that time.

California has 64 students in Harvard this year. Washington has 16; Oregon 12; Idaho 1; Nevada 1; Arizona 1; Utah 8. Massachusetts sends 1,941 students to Harvard; New York 449; Pennsylvania 171; Ohio 135; Illinois 87; Maine 87; New Hampshire 74; Rhode Island 68; Iowa 46; Indiana 43; Minnesota 33; Missouri 56.

Now that the Puget Sound country has had an earthquake so severe as to suggest the possibility and even the probability of one sometime as severe as the one in California in 1906, there is likely to be less talk up that way about the undesirability of California as a place for residence because of the liability of earthquakes.

The Liberty bell at Philadelphia is likely to be transported to the Pacific coast for exhibition at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition. The mayor of Philadelphia says: "It is only right that we should allow the historic relic to be shown to people all over the country. The distance is great, but I do not see how that can make any difference. There are many Western people who never saw the bell, and it would be a good thing to show it to them. It is a matter of education, and I am heartily in favor of sending it out. The expense amounts to something, but I believe enough has been raised by subscriptions to cover that end of the question."

There are all kinds of ways of going to sea, and one of the strangest is on a stubby craft like the United States Government dredge, "Clatsop," which recently passed down the Delaware river on a 17,000 mile journey to Portland, Oregon, says the New York Observer. "The dredge is only 183 feet long. The voyage will be made by way of the Straits of Magellan. The Government has stipulated that the 'Clatsop' must not exceed a uniform speed of eight knots an hour, so as to save on the coal bill. The voyage may be completed in one hundred and twenty-five days, which will be apt to seem a pretty long time to the crew of the uncomfortable craft."

California's foolish legislators are being widely criticized. The Indianapolis News remarks: "A representative from Sacramento, in the California legislature, has introduced a bill that permits towns to segregate Chinese and Japanese; another to prohibit a Japanese from acting as a director in a corporation (most Japanese business is carried on by corporations); a third to prevent Japanese from attending the public schools. Now if these foolish bills should become laws (which is greatly to be doubted) the constitution would nullify them as soon as the courts got to them. No one can be deprived of his life, liberty or property without due process of law nor shall any person be denied the equal protection of the law. States are thus bound with us and so this proposed anti-Japanese legislation must come to naught. But nothing can muzzle a fool and prevent such legislation being proposed or indeed being enacted."

The Rev. W. Elsworth Lawson, who is to come soon to Pilgrim Church, Oakland, has had the joy of bringing about the consolidation of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches in the City of Mexico where he has been pastor for eleven years. The Mexican Herald says: "This reunion has been a dream of Dr. Lawson's ever since the break which separated the flock which he had built up from a tiny company when he came here eleven years ago. The Presbyterian church as a body does not join the Union church, but the Presbyterian church, as such, goes out of existence after its annual meeting on Wednesday evening, January 20, and the members present their letters to the Union church and are received into that body on Sunday. In this way, the Presbyterian body, as such, does not recognize the union, only the congregation, as individuals, agreeing to it." The Herald says further: "The union of the Presbyterian and the Union church is a step in the direction of the union of all the English-speaking Protestant churches of the city with the exception of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal. Such a union has been the hope of many of the church people of the city for some years, and it is hoped by them that this latest step may be in the direction of bringing all together here in Mexico."

Student Life, the magazine published by the students of Pomona College, in its issue for January the 15th commented as follows on President Gates' resignation: "As we go to press announcement is made of the resignation of Dr. Gates as President of Pomona College. The news is entirely unexpected to the Student Body and comes as a great shock and surprise. The resignation was given to the Board of Trustees on Tuesday of this week and, because of the very manifest reason of ill health, regretfully accepted, to take effect at the end of this college year. To those of us whose privilege it has been to be connected with the College under Dr. Gates' administration, there comes with this announcement a feeling which we cannot explain. We have grown to admire his ideals of nobility and honor and manhood, and his ever simple, ever genuine depth of character. His breadth of view and love of truth have been a challenge to all who have ever known him. Were it not for the fact that we realize his present physical condition, we should be loath to accept what has come to us. But we know that his condition renders it absolutely impossible for him to continue the strenuous tasks which face Pomona, and which have already taxed to the utmost his strength. We know, too, that his example will never cease to permeate the real Pomona spirit and that his administration will be remembered as one of great power."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

There are 553 women physicians in England, and 538 have signed the petition for woman's suffrage.

Recently, for the first time in fifty years, Genoa, Italy, permitted the playing of Paganini's favorite violin in public.

President-elect Taft remarked recently that he had been to the theater but once in twenty years and then to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Broadway Tabernacle, New York, received 115 members during 1908. Fifteen of the 96 who united by letter were from Congregational churches.

President Angell of Michigan University is 80 years old. His resignation was presented recently, but he is yet in office and working wtih vigor.

Governor Buck of North Dakota says that they have had prohibition of the liquor traffic in North Dakota so long that in some counties there are no jails.

One-third of the total water power in the United States is controlled by thirteen companies. Further concentration is expected. No grants in perpetuity will be approved by President Roosevelt.

Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, has the largest enrollment in its history—993. Forty-three per cent are from Rhode Island, and nineteen states and two foreign countries are represented in the other fifty-seven per cent.

The enrollment in Dwight L. Moody schools at Northfield, Massachusetts, now approximates 1,200. About the same number have been turned away during the last year on account of lack of accommodations. New dormitories are greatly needed.

Atlanta, Georgia, has a fine record religiously. It is said that 44,000 of the 130,000 inhabitants are identified with the churches, and that one-half of the remaining population have membership elsewhere. The exceptionally large number of students in the business, dental and medical colleges and other institutions of learning, together with the fact that Atlanta is becoming more and more a great commercial center, the headquarters of a vast army of traveling men partly accounts for this showing. There are 10,000 within her borders alone away from home.

President Taylor of Vassar College told not long ago of his aversion to the solicitation of funds for the college—a task for many years laid on many college presidents. The Boston Herald finds many signs of reaction and growing disposition to refuse such work, saying: "President King, when elected head of Oberlin College a few years ago, stipulated that this business of enlisting financial supporters for the institution should be turned over to a special representative of the board of trustees employed on a salary. He therefore, as president,, is free for the legitimate functions of his office, as teacher, guide of the faculty, coordinator of all the instiutional interests, and a thinker, who may be counted upon to produce one or more books on religion, ethics, or psychology each year. Free from the necessity of long trips in and out of the state, seeking whom he may induce to give, expeditions that often are fruitless and that always consume physical power, he is the freer to stay at home among the professors and the students, to shape the spiritual and ethical ideals of the community, to be, in short, what he was elected to be— the educator through intellectual and moral leadership. President King was wise, and some of his contemporaries in time of executive appointment wish that they had been equally so. But his example is counting."

When Governor Folk of Missouri went out of office a few weeks ago he was able to say: "I leave you a government free from graft." The Christian Evangelist of St. Louis says of him: "He has been a faithful servant of the people. His four years regime has been characterized by the man working at his job. We know Mr. Folk not as a brilliant governor, not as a social leader, nor as a political wire-puller. He has attended to the business of the state. He has stood for law. What he was as prosecutor that he has continued as governor. He has been the foe of vice and crime, dirty politics and inefficient public servants. While he goes back into the private practice of law, Mr. Folk's political career is not over. The nation needs men of his character in public positions of trust. He tells as he goes from the executive mansion that it is our duty to see that the legislative halls are kept free from the touch of the unclean dollar. He would bar breweries, too, from saloon interests, and recommends the enactment of a law giving ward or district option in cities of over 25,000 inhabitants, permitting the people of any ward or district to exclude the liquor traffic from that ward or district by a vote of the people there. He also recommends the amendment of our local option law so as to provide for the county unit system, requiring the counties to vote as a unit on the question of the suppression of the liquor traffic. Mr. Hadley, who succeeds Mr. Folk, is the first Republican to be elected governor of Missouri in many years. The people expect him to be a good govenor. He has the reputation of being a clean and honest man, and as Attorney-General he has made a good record."

One does not need to be against woman suffrage to see that some of the more violent partisans of that cause are suffering from hysteria," says the London Times. "We use the word not with any scientific precision, but because it is name most commonly given to a kind of enthusiasm that has degenerated into habitual nervous excitement. One mark of the morbidity of this state is to be found in the curious monotony of its manifestations. At the meeting at the Albert Hall whenever a disturber was turned out, the other disturbers shouted in chorus sentences such as these: 'Oh, how awful! Oh, how dreadful! They have knocked her right down. Shame! Shame! Shame! You are not men!' Now there is, of course, nothing necessarily morbid either in the repetition of war cries, or in absurd exclamations uttered suddenly under the stress of some strong emotions. The morbidity shows itself, in this case, in the choice of such exclamations as regular war cries. For that choice implies an utter disuse of the critical faculty and a deliberate encouragement of irrational emotions. We are not discussing the justice of these ladies' sentiments, but only the manner in which they were expressed. They had drilled themselves in cold blood to shout, 'Oh, how awful! Oh, how dreadful!' and the rest of it, and people who can be content with such hysterical phrases when they are calm can never be calm enough to use their reason. It is when we do not use our reason that we fall most easily into habits, and the system of the extreme suffragists seems now to be made up of habits which have taken the place of policy. Just as a beaver will build a dam if he is imprisoned in an attic, so

they seem now to have a blind animal instinct for breaking up meetings, no matter what their purpose may be. Their discipline is admirable, like the beaver's industry, but it is none the less a discipline of hysteria and as regardless of circumstances as in engineering operations."

A woman who, with her husband and child was imprisoned in the British legation grounds at Peking at the time of the Boxer troubles in 1900 tells of the hearoism of the late Dr. Ament: "We had reached the British legation, coming from the Methodist compound when I discovered that in our haste I had not taken any of the prepared food for baby. I spoke to my husband about it, but he said he could do nothing; that we were fortunate to get to our present place of safety alive. 'But baby will die,' I said. 'without that food.' 'I am sorry, but anyone would be killed who tried to go back for the food. We must trust the Lord!' Dr. Ament had heard our conversation, and without saying a word, he suddenly left us. Later I learned that alone, carrying his rifle, he walked back to the Methodist compound, followed only by a Chinese whom he did not know, but who evidently knew him. The gates of the compound he found locked. Climbing up on the wall he looked down on the inside upon a dozen Boxers, each armed,, and their guns pointed toward him. 'If you won't shoot, I won't,' he said, and a truce was formed. He found the baby's food, and loading himself down with that and other articles of food he rode back to the legation upon a bicycle, followed by his unknown friend. When the other missionaries saw Dr. Ament return they said that if he could go back to the compound they could, and soon a string of men could be seen carrying food, clothing and other articles into the legation grounds. As long as they could go with safety they continued to go, and only stopped when the fire from the Boxers on the city wall warned them that their lives were really in in danger. There is no doubt in my mind that our boy's life was spared by the heroism of Dr. Ament, and that all of the adults, as well, owed much of their comfort to the example which he set, in fact, it is doubtful if there would have been food enough in the legation to enable us to hold out till relief came."

The American Tract Society has been thoroughly reorganized during the last year, having merged its administrative departments and centralized its work in accordance with modern business methods. Speaking recntly concerning the opoprtunities of the society, a representative said, "The real need in the mission field today is Christian literature. A missionary recently returned from Korea says: 'We are largely dependent upon Christian literature for the opening of our mission stations. Without it we are unable to carry our work forward with any large measure of success.' A few weeks ago a lady in reading a paper before a woman's missionary society, said: 'I have had access to all the missionary magazines and publications, and find the call in them all is for Christian literature, and that there is not a sufficient supply.' A number of missionaries have stated that, 'Christian literature to explain the Bible is more needed at the mission stations than additional copies of the Scriptures.' There are 19,000,000 foreigners living permanently in the United States. They are more effectively reached by the visit of the colporter or missionary who leaves with them Christian literature in the language or dialect they speak. There is no more difficult or important problem than the Christianizing and Americanizing of these people. There are upwards of 15,000,000 children in our land who are not in the Sunday-schools, and into the majority of whose lives there comes little if any Christian influence or uplift. Carrying the gospel message to the homes where 'hese 'little ones' are growing to manhood and womanhood is of vital interest to every citizen, as it has direct bearing upon the moral and religious life of the rising generation. The real life of the nation is in the home, and if religion is not in the homes of the nation, it will be absent from the national life. Vast sums of money have been given to our colleges and universities, but a very limited number, indeed, of our young people ever attend these institutions. Evangelistic effort is put forth principally in behalf of adults. An earnest and painstaking study of the religious problem of our country forces the conclusion that only through the home can the entire population receive the gospel message. The American Tract Society is able to furnish both the literature and colporters needed for this work, if sufficient funds are provided. The importance and necessity of this branch of missionary work are all too frequently overlooked. Large offerings are given in other directions, while many wholly pass by this department of Christian service The Tract Society is without endowment, and its work is dependent upon donations and legacies. Not less than $1,000,000 ought to be put into this work as speedily as possible, and $100,000 during the next three months. The demand for it is both urgent and persistent, and if neglected, the individual, the home and the nation must suffer."

"THE WIERD, WHITE MIST."

By W. N. Burr.

The most conspicuous thing that greets the eye as one looks out the window this morning is a thick, white fog. It suggests Ibsen. Clear the library tables of all the strong colors and tender tints that glow on the covers of the latest magazines, forget to replenish the fuel in the grate, sit in an old-fashioned "straight-back" chair, and read "Ghosts." In no other way shall one catch the spirit of the day.

"The gray-robed earth and the sky are met
Held fast in a mist of sorrow."

The uncanny has gained control of things. The trees submit in tears. On the roof that slants downward just below the second-story window little drops of water merge and roll off the edge. The tiny squares of the wire window-screens are filled with thin films of moisture. An army of ghosts has "come by night and compassed the city about," a spectral host of Syrians that will bring fear to the heart of any servant of Elisha who may have a tender throat, or a broken lung, or the bitter remembrance of a bout with pneumonia.

The mental machinery is freakish this morning. Blackmore strides in and drives Ibsen into a corner, and your head swims under the wild influences of the Lorna Doone atmosphere. You have not read the book for years perhaps; but suddenly you are confronted by that Italian woman who "in an evil hour accepted the service of a noble Englishman" and in time found herself in England; and you remember the day when "with many grimaces she assured me (Jeremy Stickles) that never by her own free will would she have lived so many years in that hateful country, where the sky for half the year was fog, and rain for nearly the other half."

After awhile Ibsen and Blackmore have both beat a retreat to the background of your meditations, and there comes that intrepid missionary to the fisher-folk of Labrador, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, and sits down beside you and opens his great honest English heart to you, and tells the story of his spiritual awakening. He chanced to turn in to one of D. L. Moody's great tent meetings in the slums of East London in 1883. "I stayed, listened and learned at once one thing," he says, "that if I had any faith it was not the kind those men possessed. As far as I could judge I possessed an unreal spectral resemblance of the genuine article strong enough to keep me from wanting anything better. I would always attend a place of worship to please any one who wished me to, rather than be conscious of offending them. But my faith must have been the merest resemblance to a Grand Bank fog that anything in that line can be. For it began and ended nowhere, and helped nobody, except to get adrift on the ocean and hopelessly lose sight of everything. I learned at that meeting that what the men who spoke possessed was a faith worthy of strong men, and I went out into those sordid slums knowing I wanted it."

Suddenly you see ghosts again! You remember that "somebody has said," "you cannot fight a ghost, your sword goes right through him. He does not argue, he just is—and there you are!" But somehow that does not seem to fit the Fog-Ghost that is haunting all outdoors this morning. He is not quite so impalpable a ghost as all that. He is—and if you get out **where** he is you not only have a sense of his presence but you feel **him.** There is substance there, after all. The spectral and the corporeal merge in him.

But now is your soul troubled. You have been for days trying to see only the poetry of the situation when the Fog-Ghost hangs in the air and makes the houses and trees just across the street to appear like only the ghosts of themselves. But you know that there are a great many people in this world who never see the poetry in anything, who yet desire to live in a land enchanted, where earth and skies give out nothing but poetry from New Year's Day to New Year's Day. And you fear that a host of these people will incline to murmur and turn back, when they come from the East to the land that you well know to be the Land of Promise, because they find that the white terror of London and Newfoundland has dared to steal into some parts of California the Blest, and shut off the sunshine! Despite your determination to read only the poetry lines in the story of the California Fog-Wraith you wish the impudent thing had been content with haunting the Grand Banks and the Largest City in the World. It belongs there; London and Newfoundland would not be London and Newfoundland without it; but it is all out of place here in the Land of God's Dear Sunshine.

The promoters well know that it is an alien, and that it can never be naturalized and admitted to citizenship here, so they never mention it. Two things there are of which the California Promotion Boards and the real estate agents never boast—the number of saloons in a given locality, and the fog. But both these undesirables have a foothold here and there throughout the state, though not everywhere. A Santa Cruz man wrote the other day: "They get those tule fogs across the mountains at San Jose, but we are never bothered with them, thank goodness!" Which is a fine comment on the push and pluck of San Jose, for it forges ahead in spite of obstacles. Some towns grow because they can't help it, and some because they will!

The California fogs are of two classes—the high and the low. The "higher-ups" are the more likely to be welcomed, but the lower-class fogs are not altogether an undesirable lot of vicious and harmful mists. They are said to do good work in the bean-fields of Ventura.

But it is as much as one's life is worth to name localities in California that are fog-haunted; so unless you are tired of living in this world you would better not venture to tell all you may know concerning the presence of this ghost in the Land of Sunshine. It sweeps in from the sea sometimes, and sometimes it rises from its tule bed in an inland valley. In some places it is but for an hour and then vanishes away, and in some localities it will hold on like grim Death for weeks. It would have been possible for you to have sojourned in a prosperous, growing town that has struck its roots somewhere between Siskiyou and San Diego that was wrapped in fog almost every day of the month of December just past. It is out from that experience that these musings came. A vigorous, strong-lunged people are bringing things to pass in that locality, even with winter fogs in their midst that bring their trunks and settle down for the season. But California has something for everybody who is worthy, and weaker folk can find hundreds of places where they may revel in sunshine and live to a serene old age.

THE BLESSING OF THE GLOOM.

By Marianne Farmingham.

"All sunshine makes a desert,"
So the Arab proverb runs,
And the Arabian feels the power
Of burning sands and suns;
The yellow miles all waterless,
The glitter and the glare,
But little of the cooling showers
That make a country fair.
No days of fog, no nights of snow,
No days of frosts the deserts know.

But England has her winters
Of sun-forsaken days,
Of pelting rains and freezing cold,
And water-sodden ways;
Of drear east winds across the moors
And in the gloomy street,
Of mire and mud and misery,
Where many people meet;
And long before the dark is done
We are all sighing for the sun.

Yet England is a garden—
How fair our meadows are!
How clear, on frosty nights, shines forth
The moon or evening star!
What wealth have we of golden corn,
Of orchards rich with trees!
Ah! no perpetual sunshine
Could give us joys like these.
Our sun and shade, our storms and calms
Waken our hearts to grateful psalms.

"All sunshine makes a desert."
Oh, take the truth to heart!
Pray not for pleasure's sweetness,
But choose the nobler part.

The clouds, the gloom, the winter,
And all life's heavy rains,
With the blessings of our troubles,
May prove our highest gains.
The darkest days may serve us best
For strength and discipline and rest.

LIFE LESSONS.

By a Southern California Pastor.

II. Our Thoughts of God.

Essentially all of our religious thinking depends upon how we think of God. That has been said a thousand times. But our belief of it may yet be perfunctory. It may awaken no enthusaism. But one day we have a vision and it brings us a transforming view of God. He is greater than we thought, and more natural, and (will anyone believe me if I say it?) nearer. We are certain that we learn more truly how He feels toward us. And straightway we know that it makes a world of difference in our view of the world what kind of a God we have.

Prevailing conceptions of God probably fall much further short of the mark than many of us realize. Men will readily grant that God is infinitely great, and think that they believe it. Yet the God of their thought may be relatively but a petty God after all. A great conception of God is transforming in its power. It is a great day in a man's history when the scales fall from his eyes and he gets a true glimpse of God. The world becomes a different place and life a glorified thing.

Prof. Geo. B. Stevens of Yale once said that "The word 'life' means to us what the word 'God' means to us." A statements like this may seem commonplace enough. But a day comes when with a new joy we learn what it means and then all its commonplaceness vanishes.

It has been said that "Our God is not so far away as even to be called near." The great Laureate said the same thing in those words long since familiar and long since precious, —

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet.
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

To have a daily sense of God, to be innerly conscious of a pervading Presence, a compelling Pressure, glorifying common days and giving the sense of mastery, this is living. Then one begins to learn the meaning of that old word,

"They shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

"SAYS I."

While walking through the fields one day,
Says I to myself, says I,
What makes the things all seem so queer
We see beneath the sky?

How does the rain make grass so green,
And calla lillies white?
Why don't the pigs fly in the air?
What makes the sun so bright?

Why don't diamonds grow on trees?
Says I to myself, says I;
We then could get them as we please,
Be rich and not half try.

When hens have eggs so pearly white,
What makes the robins' blue?
Their dinner seems to be all worms.
Do they eat violets, too?

And why don't chestnuts grow on vines,
Down closer to the ground?
How does the oyster feed itself?
Where are the rabbits found?

Why don't May-apples grow on trees?
How does the eagle sail?
Why does the big, black bumblebee
Have splinters in its tail?

Why can't we skate in summer-time?
Who taught the birds to sing?
Why don't the calf have feathers on?
Don't you know anything?

The parrot or the chimpanzee
May tell—I will not try;
For the more I learn the less I know,
Says I to myself, says I..

—C. M. Cole.

SOCIAL CAUSES OF CRIME.

Rev. August Drahms, Chaplain State Prison, San Quentin Cal.

There is perhaps no better place from which to study the results of certain social conditions and civic righteousness than a prison. It is the Clearing House of all forms of corporate as well as individual unrighteousness where alone the true significance and real proportions of the causal realtions may be weighed and measured. It is in a great degree the place where not alone accounts are settled but where the sources and causes of the indebtedness may be definitely ascertained. Men come to us every day who lay the reason of their downfall at the door of certain moral and social conditions that bear the stamp of legal justification in their incipient practices. It is a dreary recital that has become commonplace through repetition, and hence lost much of its force. That fifty per cent of the incarcerates in our jails and penitentiaries are there through strong drink becomes a platitude that provokes a shrug and serves chiefly to top off the periods of a Temperance Lecturer. Its direct relation to the great moral and civic problems of a community is however really very great when weighed in all their relative and direct proportions, as the public conscience is becoming more and more aware, considered in the light of the great public awakening that is now going on throughout the length and breath of the land and permeating many avenues of its larger activities. When the opposition to social evils has advanced its outposts from a defensive to an offensive movement it is a significant sign and shows that the same is more than a menace, but is an actual danger that must be met and overcome. Twenty-three per cent of the offenses during the year 1904 were for drunkenness in the United States. In our own State, a former Report gave

683, or 49 per cent, out of a prison total at that time of 1392, as habitual drinkers, and only 46 as temperate. Out of that aggregate, 437, or 31 per cent attributed their crime directly to strong drink, while in 271 instances the saloon was accredited as: "The Place of Committing Crime." The saloon is the hot-bed of the criminal contagion and the chief place where crime is bred, if not the actual place of its committal.

That this is in no wise an exaggerated estimate is evident from the reports of criminal sources and expert testimony everywhere both in European countries, as well as here. Thus, in the Prison Congress, at Brussels, the chief physician at Nice gave the percentages of crimes through alcoholism at 59 per cent; the physician at the Isle of Wight at 60 per cent, and the Director General of Sweden, at 74 per cent. Dr. Carothers the eminent authority estimates that 10 per cent of the half million inebriates in the United States are annually convicted of crime, and 20 per cent, of purely alcoholic homicides in the United States, and 70 per cent in other countries.

From such a crime-producing record as this laid at the door of the alcoholic habit, and of its adjunct, the saloon, is it any wonder that the public conscience is at last aroused and has prounced in no uncertain tone that the "Saloon must Go." It is in itself the chief crime producing center in our civic life licensed by the community with this paramount fact before it. Verily, a community is entitled to just the amount of crime it is willing to permit, and in this instance at least, is responsible directly for the brunt of its own concrete wrong-doing.

Next to alcoholism and the saloon as the chief stimulus to crime, we point to the various forms of gambling under the patronage of the race tracks. Though perhaps not so manifest, it is in no sense inferior in its subtle and insidious relation as an indirect cause to much of the wrong doing especially of a commercial character. Indeed, this form of criminalism may be said to be decidedly on the increase, chiefly through the stimulus lent it by this form of feverish and thoroughly unnatural incitation. By the 1890 census, crimes against Property aggregated 37,707 instances out of a total of 82,329. According the latest census , (June 30th, 1904,) it numbered 37,166, although the total criminal population was less then the previous decade. Embezzlement, Fraud, Forgery, all of them forms of crime that afford the last refuge of the unfortunate habitue of the Race Track victim, were decidedly on the increase. The most unfortunate feature of it is that this phase of the moral deflection takes the better and more intelligent class of men, especially of the young men, who represent a finer intellectual fiber than the coarser taste that runs to mere nerve stimulus and low affiliations to gratify instinct. The number of business men, clerks and trusted employes are startlingly on the increase, each one of whom ascribe their downfall primarily to the Race-track and kindred forms of gambling. The latter evils are perhaps the more nearly approachable in their curative feature in that it may be made more readily the object of Legislative correctives, and as such evils meet more nearly popular disapproval. The evil, in other words, is not so deeply entrenched or so broadly buttressed as the drink evil. Its protective measures lie in the wealth of a few and its direct results are so manifestly demoralizing and insidiuous that its wick edness becomes more and more manifest as its assaults both upon public honesty and the family tie becomes the more frequent and manifest. The time will come, and is not far distant, when, as a purely defensive measure, from a cold-blooded standpoint alone, both these evils must be curbed and put under legal restraint that will amount ultimately to prohibitive restrictions. Public opinion will rule, and when that once receives an upward trend public policy will follow. That educative tendency is one of the features of the day and culminates more and more into concrete moral social and legislative prounciomentos that will bring these glaring social and civic evils under the ban.

BEAUTIFUL LIVING.

Keep the sunshine in your heart,
Wear a smile;
Live a happy, hopeful life
All the while;
Do some helpful work each day
As God's leading lights the way.

Ask for calmness from above;
Keep your place;
Let the Master's mind and thought
Help you trace
Heaven's purpose day by day,
In a noiseless, tender way.

Days will come and days will go,
Yet 't is well;
For in joy or sorrow-time,
Life shall spell
God's dear message line, by line,
In this life of yours and mine.

—I. M. Chambers.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR JANUARY 31.
Heroes of Missions in India.. (Ps. 96: 1-13.)
Henry Kendall Booth.

To enumerate the many heroic souls that have given their lives to the work of missions in India would be utterly impossible, so it will be necessary to choose from this larger company only of the more famous and to very briefly epitomize their life and work.

The pioneer missionary in India was also the father and founder of all modern missions—William Carey. A shoemaker in an English village, he was converted from a life of dissipation through the efforts of a fellow-workman. He soon displayed remarkable talents as a preacher. Under great difficulties and by dint of tremendous perseverance Carey mastered Greek, Latin, French, Dutch and Hebrew. Preaching in the village church, teaching in the little school and cobbling shoes, he made such good use of his time in the acquisition of knowledge that Scott called the humble shop where he toiled (still to be seen at Hackleton) "Carey's College." Even at this period of his life Carey was possessed by his one great idea—the evangelization of the heathen world. He had a map of the world over his cobbler's bench and studied it constantly. In 1792 he published his "Enquiry Into the Obligations of Christians to Use Means for the Conversion of the Heathen"—a marvelous compendium of accurate information and earnest appeal. It marked a distinct point of departure in the history of Christianity. In the same year he preached at Nottingham a sermon on his famous mottoes—"Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God"—a sermon

so intense and impassioned that it stirred the hearts of the little band of Baptist ministers to action. The result was the formation of the first English missionary society and the beginning of modern missions.

But the beginnings were pitifully small. Twelve obscure ministers subscribed thirteen pounds to "evangelize the world." Nevertheless with truly apostolic faith and zeal Carey sailed for India and began his labors in 1793. For seven months he toiled and preached, nearly starving to death, and enduring such hardships as no other missionary has known. Fnally he became manager of an indigo factory at Mundabatta. At last assured of self-support he began his stupendous labors for India. For five years he labored on here mastering the language, translating Scripture into Bengalee and preaching to the natives. In 1800 he joined a little colony of missionaries who had come to India under his influence and settled at Sarampore, near Calcutta, which was the center of his work for the remaining years of his life. With his two colleagues, Marshman and Ward, he formed a brotherhood, and they devoted not only all their time and strength but their combined resources to the work of founding and maintaining missions in India. These resources were by no means inconsiderable, for Carey's great linguistic talents made him professor of Oriental languages in the government college at a salary of fifteen thousand pounds. All in all these three men gave over ninety thousand pounds to the work of Christ in India. The work of the Sarampore mission was marvelous and epochal—the first complete translation of the Bible into 40 dialects of Asia; the first Bengalee newspaper in India; the first medical mission in India, and the establishment and maintenance of thirty large mission stations whose fruitage in conversions has been over half a million. Surely a marvelous work for God was performed by this English cobbler. Such things can God accomplish with one who is consecrated to his service.

As India called first to itself the father of modern English missions, it also called the first pioneer of American missionary endeavor—Adoniram Judson. A young man of exceptional brilliance he graduated at the head of his class at Brown University and entered Andover Seminary. Here he was thrown into fellowship with Nott. Mills and others of the Williams College "Haystack" company. His one passionate hope was to enter the missionary field. After many discouragements he reached Burmah in 1813, and entered upon his work at Rangoon. It was one of the hardest fields in India. Here were established schools and medical missions and Judson was rejoiced at the growth of Christianity in Burmah. Over a decade was spent in the preparation of a translation of the Bible into Burman. But war broke out between England and Burmah, and Judson was thrown into prison, where he spent eleven months, and as a result of this persecution and trial his health and happiness were almost destroyed. For 20 years more he toiled on, racked with pain, and working against bigotry and opposition and was enabled to gain over 30,000 to give their hearts to Christ. But his greatest monument was his Burman dictionary and Burman Bible.

Other noted names in Indian missions are Bishop James Mills Thoburn (1836), an American Methodist, who accomplished much in Bombay and Bengal, founded a great Christian paper in India, and has done marvelous work as bishop in Northern India; Alexander Duff, who followed Carey and did a wonderful work among the exclusive and cultured Brahmans; William Butler, who took a romantic part in the Sepoy rebellion and laid the foundations of Methodism in India; and Bishop William Taylor, so well known to Californians as "Father Taylor," whose industrial missions in Southern India have had remarkable success.

It is by the work of such heroes as these that this ancient land is being won for Christ, and today the future of India rests largely in the hands of Christian missionaries, who are doing more than any others to create a new India.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR FEB. 7, 1909.
Our Christian Endeavor Comrades the World Over. Ps. 98 1-9 (Christian Endeavor Day.

Marvellous indeed has been the growth of Christian Endeavor since its humble beginning Feb. 2, 1881. In twenty-eight years it has become a world-wide movement, and wherever the Christian Church has gone Christian Endeavor has followed. To-day nearly every nation in the world has its representations in the ranks of Christian Endeavor's million and a half of adherents. There can be no doubt that it was providentially raised up to meet the needs of the young people of every land. As a missionary agency it has a unique record of usefulness and efficiency. And Christian Endeavor Day will be observed around the world.

It would be imposible in the limits of this column to give any adequate conception of the great scope of so wide spread a movement as Christian Endeavor of to-day. Therefor a few suggestion are offered to leaders as to the conduct of this meeting.

1. Procure a map of the world and mark upon it the countries in which Christian Endeavor is represented.

2. Assign to members of the society their various countries , and have them give five-minute talk on the status of Christian Endeavor in their respective countries.

3. Assign to some one member the task of presenting the aggregated facts and statistics of world wide Endeavor.

4. Assign to another the history of the Christian Endeavor movement to be very briefly presented.

5. Spend the last part of the meeting in united prayer for the united work of the society.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Robert Whitaker has been engaged by the Sierra Polytechnic Institute to represent it among the churches.

Rev. H. K. Booth addressed the Presbyterian ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last week on "The Emmanuel Movement."

At the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday the Rev. Dr. H. M. Tenney will read a paper on The Ministry of Music in Religion.

The Honorable Selah Merrill, D.D., late United States Consul at Jerusalem, died at the home of his sister, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee of Fruitvale, on January the 22d.

The attention of our readers in Central and Northern California is called to the message from the Sunday-school and Publishing Society on the last page of The Pacific this week. The cause is a good one, the funds are being wisely and economically used, and it is hoped that there will be a wide response to this appeal.

The Rev. C. N. Queen, who went recently from Fresno to the pastorate of the United Brethren Church at York, Nebraska, has resigned from the pastorate at York and has returned to California. Bishop Weekly speaks in The Religious Telescope of Mr. Queen's popularity as a preacher while in Nebraska.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—The Rev. W. E. Lawson of Mexico City is expected to enter on the pastorate the first week in March.

San Francisco, Ocean View.—The pulpit was occupied Sunday by the Rev. Mr. Sinclair, the pastor, the Rev. W. Bair, being ill.

Riverside.—At the January communion service ten persons were received to membership, making 80 since Dr. McLaren's pastorate began. The meetings held during the Week of Prayer were of great spiritual uplift.

Sacramento.—Two persons were welcomed into fellowship on Sunday, Jan. 10. On the bulletin for Sunday, January 17, was the following note: "It is with regret that we note the retirement of Deacon A. C. Sweetser from the office of Treasurer of the Church Benevolences. He has served many years. His increasing age is his reason, though at 89 he is as alert as many a man twenty years younger. He has been a faithful and efficient officer, and the Church owes him a debt of gratitude. May his good white head be seen in his pew for many a day!"

Sunnyvale.—Recently we had the pleasure of having Dr. H. H. Atkinson with us, who spoke on the "Revolution in Turkey," and "Seeing Turkey Through a Missionary's Kodak." Both of the addresses were listened to by good audiences, and the young people were very much enthused. The Mission Study Class of fifteen young people are making a special study of Turkey this winter. At our annual business meeting, fine reports were made. The year was closed with all bills paid, and a small balance left on hand. At the evening service Rev. B. M. Palmer gave a very fine address, after which four new members were received into the church and the evening closed with the communion.

San Diego, First.—Twenty-six members were received at the January comunion, making 64 in the first three months of the present pastorate. The pastor has started a Saturday afternoon class, in which he reads aloud and comments on Worcester's "Religion and Medicine." The attendance at the second meeting was about five hundred, people from all the churches in the city crowding the auditorium. A church guest-book has been established, in which visitors inscribe their names, and these are printed the following Sunday on the calendar.

Oroville.—The annual meeting of this church was held on the evening of January 13th, and attended by nearly one hundred members and friends. A bountiful dinner was served, after which the members attended to business. Nearly all the present officers were re-elected. The reports read showed the church to be in a good financial condition. All home expenses have been met with a good balance left in the treasury and over three hundred and fifty dollars given to the benevolences. The Ladies' Aid Society reported also to have raised over eight hundred dollars for church repairs and furnishings. There was much enthusaism, and under Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Douglass' helpful and inspiring guidance several new and progressive plans for the future welfare of the church were adopted.

Weaverville.—Annual meeting, Jan. 18, revealed encouraging situation. As to finances: Church self-supporting, independent of outside preaching points, salary increased to $1,000 raised in Weaverville by pledges, free use of parsonage, $80 in bank on salary fund at close of year. A committee of seven business men appointed to again canvass for renewal of salary pledges for ensuing year. Benevolences, doubled over average of former years. New apportionment proposed voluntarily by the local church aims at "doubling the double." Contributed last year, $101, proposed this year, an offering to each of the seven societies, at stated times totaling $230. As to membership: Reported last year, total, 58; this year, 60. Added since end of 1908, 4 regular, 7 junior, 2 sojourning members; total to date, 73. Membership committee reports several applications in hand with prospects of several others to appear within the month. Organized Sunday-school classes, including a Gideon's Band of young boys and a New Movement Adult Bible class numbering 26 with a working motto "60 members in 60 days," are doing splendid work. At the close of the meeting a chicken pie banquet was served to sixty members of the church and congregation.

San Jacinto.—The annual meeting and roll-call of the church was held in the church on New Year's day. The event was made very enjoyable by serving dinner at noon to the members and friends of the church. The business meeting followed immediately after. The new pastor, Rev. M. D. Reid, presided at the meeting. The clerk reported sixty resident members and twenty absent. Those present at the meeting responded to their names with a verse of Scripture or testimony and several responses were read from absent members. The church closes the year with no indebtedness and an encouraging prospect for the coming year. The benevolences for the year, through the various branches of the church work have amounted to more than $200. The church, in connection with Little Lake, are paying the pastor's salary without Home Missionary aid. There has been a steady increase in both the morning and evening congregations since Mr. Reid accepted the pastorate of the church in October. Both the Senior and Junior Endeavor Societies are in a flourishing condition. The Sunday-school is doing excellent work and new classes are being formed. A number of new families are moving in and building homes, which encourages us for the future growth of the church.

San Francisco, Bethany.—The annual meeting was held on Wednesday evening, January the 20th. The evening began with a supper served by the ladies in the chapel at 6:15 p. m. Every chair was filled. The pastor emeritus, Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D., was present. The business session began at 8 o'clock with a good attendance. Reports were read from the trustees, treasurer, the church committee, and the church clerk. The various auxiliary societies reported through their secretaries. The Ladies' Aid Society had over two hundred dollars in its treasury the first of

January. It purchased and presented the church with one hundred copies of "Hymns of Worship and Service," had the chapel carpets cleaned and floor painted, besides helping in various ways to make the church building clean and comfortable. The Ladies' Missionary Society reported gifts to the Woman's Missionary Boards. The Senior C. E. Society helped in the general work of the Golden Gate Union by gifts of money and services of individuals. The Junior C. E. Society also reported an active year. The Boys' Club is a new organization which is filling a function that should be of great value to the church; it is a lively organization with great promise. The church committee reported that 21 persons were dismissed by letter and discipline during the year and nine received: five on confession of their faith and four by letter. The membership of the church on the first of January was 154. Special services were held during "Holy Week" which were well attended, also during "The Week of Prayer." Every denominational benevolence received a contribution, total being about $350. Special contributions were taken for the Volunteers of America for their orphanage work; the Whosoever-will Mission; the reception of the fleet for the Religious Committee, and the Salvation Army. The trustees reported $2223 raised for curent expenses. All bills paid and a balance on hand the first of January. Bethany has a splendid board of trustees, men who are interested and willingly give their time to serve in this arduous position. The Sunday-school enrollment is small, but the average attendance is large compared with the enrollment. It raised nearly $200, gave over $60, to missionary causes and finished paying for a fine piano. It closed the year with a surplus. The meeting was exceedingly harmonious and a unique feature was that of the twelve officers to be elected not a person declined a nomination. The pastor said in closing his report, that while the community about Bethany Church has changed and the people who have come into the neighborhood are not largely the people who would seek out our ministration there is still a work to do and our church should be ready to do it. It may be that the church will never be strong numerically yet it may be strong spiritually and in the things that count for righteousness and thus be of large service to the community. The church faces the future with hope and a determination to do its best in the service of the Father.

NEVADA.

. . . Reno.—The annual meeting of the First Congregational Church of Reno, Nevada, occurred Wednesday, Jan. 6. Two hundred members of the church and congregation were present. The reports of the church and auxiliaries were the best in the history of the church. Over four thousand dollars have been raised during the year . Six hundred and twenty-five dollars are already in the bank toward the new pipe organ. The membership of the churuch is now 225. The pastor, Rev. C. L. Mears, has been elected annually during the past five years; this year the call was made permanent with the salary of $1800, and parsonage. At the close of the business meeting addresses were made by Prof. Show of the Palo Alto church and others. The new year starts with enthusiasm, the morning audiences crowding the seating capacity of the church. Already several hundred dollars have been pledged for the coming year by people who have heretofore had no part in the support of the church. The men's brotherhood is planning for several open meetings with Rev. C. R. Brown, Prof. Bade and Prof. Buckham as speakers for successive meetings.

WASHINGTON.

(Rev. C. F. Clark, 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle)

Granite Falls.—Rev. Walter R. Parr of Anderson Ind., has accepted the call.

Pleasant Valley.—Rev. Thomas L. Wright and family have arrived, and the future of the work here is now very hopeful.

Sylvana.—Rev. J. M. Dick, organized a Sunday-school, preached to a congrgation of 50 or 60, January seventh, and the organization of a church is contemplated.

Sprague.—At the last communion four new members were received, three on confession. The Rev. Jonathan Edwards preached on The Life of Christ all through the year 1908. A recent sale netted the Ladies' Guild $270.

Tacoma, Pilgrim.—A recognition council met at Pilgrims' temporary meeting place, a frame building. Twenty by forty, January thirteenth. Every step being regular, and there being a bright future for a congregational Church it was heartily voted to recognize. The sermon was preached by Dr. Ford. Dea., Edwin Eells was Moderator, other parts of the serivce were taken by Revs. Hendley, Fowler, J. M. Dick and Dr. Greene.

Monroe.—We are beginning to raise funds to build a Sunday-school, Ladies banquet Hall and gymnasium combined in one building to cost about $2000. It will be erected on the church at the rear of the curch. The church Knights of Pytheas, and friends united and presented the pastor, Rev. W. L. Richardsen, a fine Leather Morris Chair, and to Mrs. Richardsen a rocker to match. The gift and spirit of love are greatly appreciated.

"BILLY" SUNDAY MEETINGS AT SPOKANE, WASH.

They still continue to increase in attendance. At the men's meeting last Sunday 500 went forward. Sunday has decided to remain a week longer than at first planned. Hundreds—reaching over a thousand one night—idle men have been sheltered at night in the tabernacle and given a breakfast in the morning. It is indeed a great revival.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

In spite of the storm, a goodly number of women and a few gentlemen met at the First Church, San Francisco, for the usual quarterly meeting of the W. H. M. U., Jan. 21st, at eleven o'clock.

Devotional exercises were led by the new president, Mrs. Perkins. She has been the president in former years, though Mrs. Lucas has occupied that position for the last two years. Each woman is devoted to the cause and each upholds the other in the good work. Auxiliaries were strongly urged to designate to which particular branch of the Union they wished their money to go.

Treasurer's report showed a balance of $333.28 on hand. The report was from Sept. 13th to Jan. 20th. Mrs. Lucas by a well arranged chart impressed upon us the value of systematic giving. Even though small, a regular sum counts up wonderfully. System is our Christian duty.

Pastor Okubo of the Oakland Japanese church was introduced. His daughter read a plan, or rather subjected three plans for the establishing of a Japanese boarding-school in Oakland. It is much needed, as is also a place to which to take young Japanese women who come to San Francisco as perfect strangers. If some helping, Christian hand is not held out to them, their position is very perilous.

We were told of the excellent work now being done by Rev. Mr. Dunlap at Oleander and Bowles. At the latter place a church is being built. The Union expects to assist in the building fund to the extent of $200. Auxiliaries wanting subscription envelopes will please apply to Mrs. Eva O'Brien, 1416 Arch St., Berkeley.

Mrs. Goodsell of 2614 Dana St., Berkeley is now in charge of misionary boxes. Mrs. Piper's report for the Cradle Roll was hopeful, especially the one for Pilgrim Church.

When Mrs. Adams gave the invitation for lunch, we were told to eat heartily and forget the inclement weather —a request we were not slow is following.

Rev. H. R. Miles of Berkeley addressed us on the History of Home Mission Work and on our responsibility. The work began in Connecticut in 1774, when missionaries were sent west and north to new fields. Now this same New England is overrun with foreigners and has a big problem to solve. His descriptions of scenes on Ellis Island and in New York City were vivid and interesting—Ellis Island, where everything is provided for the comfort of the immigrants from a package of lunch to a minister to marry them.

Mrs. Perkins brought us a few thoughts from the Missionary Conference at Northfield: "What kind of a church would this church be, if every member were just like me?"

"The good things of this land are not for us alone but for those other immigrants who came just a little later.'

A vote of thanks was given to the ladies of the First Church for their kindly hospitality. The meeting adjourned and we all felt glad we had braved the storm—it was well worth while. Recording Secretary.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this:
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

SUNRISE NEVER FAILS.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern:
But overhead the planets burn;

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What tho' your eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn shall yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

Celia Thaxter.

BE THOUGHTFUL.

It is the little things that promote or destroy the cheerfulness of home life—the little attentions, the kindly thoughts, the little gifts, all add to life's joy; the small worries, the petty irritations, the little disappointments intensify its sadness. One discordant life in a household mars the perfect harmony of the music of lore; one little thoughtless word or act may banish the sun from the whole day.

There is no more serious error than to underestimate the importance of little things. They count heavily in the sum of human happiness.

Courtesy is, after all, largely attention to trifles. There are some who will die for you who will not pass you the salt. Yet we do not often want anyone to die for us, but we often want the salt passed. It does not require the heroic virtues to produce cheerfulness in the home—the standard of attainment is not impossibly high. The bright smile, the kindly word, the ready help, the generous judgment, may adorn the humblest life. Says the Koran, "Your smiling on your brother's face is charity."

There is no need to sigh for some great thing to do.
"The trivial round and common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask."

An aged woman, miserably poor, often said, "I cannot do much, but I can be kind to folk." And she was so kind and gentle to everyone, so bright, so cheerful and sympathetic, that she passed along life's rough ways like a beatitude and benediction.

Charles Lamb, in dedicating a book to his sister Mary, whom he greatly loved, wrote the following wise words. "Those who live together constantly are tempted to forget those manifestations of affection which are pledge of its continuance and depth."

A woman lay dying in a little cottage in the Scotch

Highlands. Her husband knelt by her bedside broken hearted.

"You have been a good wife to me for thirty years, and I have always loved you," he cried brokenly.

"I know that well," was the reply, "but why did yon never tell me so?" murmured the dying wife.

In these words we can feel the passionate longing of that woman's heart for those outward tokens of affection which do so much to make life worth living. Familiarity, if it does not breed contempt, may cause indifference; indifference coldness—and coldness is the grave of cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness and severity can rarely exist together.

"My dear," said a mother to her little one, "what would you do if poor mamma were to die?" The profound baby replied, "I fink I s'ould have to thpank myself."

The cheerful home is not ruled as if it were a workshop or a camp. "Spare the rod, spoil the child," is doubtless a correct maxim, but the rod too vigorously applied may dull and spoil a sensitive nature.

The delicate membrance of self-respect is easily hurt. Roughness may, however, sometimes be an element of duty. If the child must be whipped, it is no use administering chloroform before the whipping takes place.

There is an Eastern plant the leaves of which must be crushed before it gives forth its delicate aroma. So there are natures that require the stern ministry of pain before they can develop to the utmost the possibilities of their lives.

But just as fragrant essences and aniline dyes lie deeply hidden out of sight in gas tar, so the fragrance and beauty of many natures lie as deeply hidden, and need the warmth of constant love to bring them to perfection. Sympathy is, therefore, an important factor in the promotion of cheerfulness—that sympathy which is quick to understand and excuse. Many of us have our real natures hidden, and to us self-revelation is extremely difficult. The man of passionate sympathy and tender feeling often veils his real nature with the gauze of levity. We are all more or less misjudged and misunderstood.—From "The Cheerful Life."

SPEECH.

Talk happiness; the world is sad enough
Without your woe. No path is wholly rough
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of them to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of moral discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith, the world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt;
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts—till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.
Talk health; the dreary, never-ending tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale;
You cannot charm, or interest, or please,
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

—Health Culture.

THE CHEERY PERSON.

"Everyone must have felt that a cheerful friend is like a sunny day, which sheds its brightness all around; and most of us can, as we choose, make this world either a palace or a prison."

Living the cherful life we are enabled to thank God and take courage . We do not shut our eyes, and close our ears, and deaden our understanding, and refuse to believe that there is such a thing as evil, but we do not despair because of it, and we are always ready to lend a hand in the battle against it. On the humane and progressive side of every moral conflict, this ought to be the position of the cheery person.

We shall constantly find more pleasure in life by keeping on better terms with it. The child enjoys living because he has not yet learned to fear nature or to distrust providence, and the man who can carry into middle life, or even into old age, the happy nature of the child, is exceedingly fortunate in many respects.

We should try to be cheerful always because we injure ourselves by every moment of unhappiness. There are griefs and disappointments and misfortunes that bow the spirit and break the heart, but in the majority of cases it is entirely possible for one's pleasures to triumph over one's pains, and for happiness to sit on the throne of life.

Whether we shall be the subjects of cheerfulness or the slaves of despair is pretty much a matter of disposition and will. It is beyond dispute that a generous, hopeful, and fair-minded nature is its very self a sort of magic wand that, touching the daily experiences of life, transforms even the unpromising ones into blessings. It is the rod of Moses that divides the Red Sea of difficulties, until the hopeful spirit shall walk through dry-shod. It is the voice that, addressed to the solid and discouraging rock of ungrateful duty, causes streams of happiness to flow forth. It is the Aladdin's lamp that reveals in many a common thing a joy Indeed a merry heart is a kingdom all to itself, and cheerfulness is its prime minister.—John A. Simpson, in Christian Work and Evangelist.

SYNDICATING OUR SORROWS.

The most selfish man in the world is the one who is most unselfish,—with his sorrows. He does not leave a single misery of his untold to you,—he gives you all of them. The world becomes to him a syndicate formed to take stock in his private cares, worries, and trials. His mistake is in forming a syndicate; he should organize a trust and control it all himself then he could keep anyone from getting any of his misery.

Life is a great, serious problem for the individual. All our deepest sorrows come to us,—alone. We must go into our greatest joys and our deepest sorrows come to us,—alone. We must go into our Gethsemane,—alone. We must battle against the mighty weakness within us,—alone. We must live our live our own life,—alone. We must die,—alone. We must accept the full responsibility of our life,—alone. If each one of us has this mighty problem to solve for himself, if each one of us has his own cares, responsibilities, failures, doubts, fears, bereavements, we are surely playing a coward's part when we syndicate our sorrows to others.

We should seek to make life brighter for others; we should seek to hearten them in their trials by the example of our own courage in bearing our sorrows. We should seek to forget our failures, and remember only the new wisdom they gave us; we should live down our griefs by

counting the joys and privileges still left us; put behind us our worries and regrets, and face each new day of life as bravely as we can. But we have no right to retail our sorrow and unhappines through the community.

Autobiography constitutes a large part of the conversation of some people. It is not really conversation,—it is an uninterrupted monologue. These people study their individual lives with a microsope, and then they throw an enlarged view of their miseries on a screen and lecture on them, as a stereopticon man discourses on the microbes in a drop of water. They tell you that "they did not sleep a wink all night; they heard the clock strike every quarter of an hour." Now, there is no real cause for thus boasting of insomnia. It requires no peculiar talent,—even though it does come only to wide-awake people.

If you ask such a man how he is feeling, he will trace the whole genealogy of his present condition down from the time he had the grippe four years ago. You hoped for a word; he gave you a treatise. You asked for a sentence; he delivers an encyclopedia. His motto is; "Every man his own Boswell." He is syndicating his sorrows.

The woman who makes her trials with her children, her troubles with her servants, her difficuties with her family, the subjects of conversation with her callers is syndicating her sorrows.

The business man who lets his dyspepsia get into his disposition, and who makes everyone around him suffer because he himself is ill, is syndicating ill-health. We have no right to make others the victims of our moods. If illness makes us cross and irritable, makes us unjust to faithfull workers who cannot protest, let us quarentine ourselves to speak slowly, we do not spread the contagion. Let us force ourselves to speak slowly, to keep anger away from the eyes to prevent temper showing in the voice. If we feel that we must have dyspepsia, let us keep it out of our head, let us keep it from getting north of the neck.

Most people symapthize too much with themselves. They take themselves as a single sentence isolated from the great text of life. They study themselves too much as separated from the rest of humanity instead of being vitally connected with their fellow-men. There are some people who surrender to sorrow as others give way to dissipation. There is a vain pride of sorrow as well as of beauty. Most individuals have a glow of vanity in looking back upon their past and feeling that few others have suffered such trials hardships and disappointments as have come to them.

When death comes into the little circle of loved ones who make up our world, all life becomes dark to us. We seem to have no reason for existing, no object, no incentive no hope. The love that made struggle and effort bearable for us is gone. We stare, dry-eyed, into the future and see no future; we want none. Life has become to us a past,—with no future. It is but a memory, without hope.

Then in the divine mystery of Nature's process, under the tender soothing touch of time, as days melt into weeks, we begin to open our eyes to the world around us, and the noise and tumult of life jars less and less upon us. We have become emotionally convalescent. As the days go on in our deep love, in the fullness of our loyalty, we protest often, with tears in our eyes, against our gradual return to the spirit and atmosphere of the past. We feel in a subtle way a new pain, as if we were faithless to our love. Nature sweetly turns aside our protesting hands, and says to us, "there is no disloyalty in permitting the wounds to lessen their pain, to heal gradually, if time foreordain that they can heal." There are some natures, all absorbed in a mighty Syndiacting our Sorrows Two R. H.
love, wherein no healing is possible,—but these are rare souls in life.

Bitter though our anguish be, we have no right to syndicate our sorrow. We have no right to cast a gloom over happy natures by our heavy weight of crape, by serving the term prescribed by Society for wearing the livery of mourning. We have no right to syndicate our grief by using notepaper with a heavy black border as wide as a hat-band, thus parading our personal sorrow to others in their happiest moments.

If life has not gone well with us, if fortune has left us disconsolate, if love has grown cold, and we sit alone by the embers; if life has become to us a valley of desolation, through which weary limbs must drag an unwilling body till the end shall come,—let us not radiate such an atmosphere to those around us; let us not take strangers through the catacombs of our life, and show the bones of our dead past; let us not pass our cup of sorrow to others, but if we must drink it, take it as Socrates did his poison hemlock,—grandly, heroically and uncomplainingly.

If your life has led you to doubt the existence of honor in man and virtue in woman; if you feel that religion is a pretense, that spirituality is a sham, that life is a failure, and death the entrance of nothingness; if you have absorbed all the poison philosophy of the world's pessimists, and committed the folly of believing it, don't syndicate it.

If your frail fellow-man be clinging to one frail strap, the last remanant of a noble, shipwrecked faith in God and humanity, let him keep it. Do no loosen his fingers from his hope, and tell him it is a delusion. How do you know? Who told you it was so?

If these high-tide moments of life sweep your faith in omnipotence into nothingness, if the friend in whom you have put all faith in humanity and humanity's God betray you, do not eagerly accept the teacheings of those modern free-thinkers who syndicate their infidelity at so much per reserved seat. Seek to recover your lost faith by listening to the million voices that speak of infinite wisdom, infinite love, that manifest themselves in nature and humanity, and then build up as rapidly as you can a new faith, a faith in something higher, better and truer than you have known before.

You may have one in the world to whom you may dare show with the fullness of absolute confidence and perfect faith any thought, and hope, and sorrow,—but you dare not trust them to the world. Do not show the world through your Bluebeard chamber; keep your trials and sorrows as close to you as you can till you have mastered them. Don't weaken others by thus—syndicating your miseries.—From "Self-Control—Its Kingship and Authority."

KEEP A-TRYING.

Say, "I will!" and then stick to it—
That's the only way to do it.
Don't build up a while, and then
Tear the whole thing down again.
Fix the goal you wish to gain,
Then go at it heart and brain,
And, though clouds shut out the blue,
Do not dim your purpose true
With your sighing.

Stand erect, and, like a man,
Know "They can who think they can!"
Keep a-trying.

Had Columbus, half-seas o'er,
Turned back to his native shore,
Man would not, today, proclaim
Round the world his deathless name.
So we must sail on with him
Past horizons far and dim,
Till at last we own the prize
That belongs to him who tries
With faith undying;
Own the prize that all may win
Who, with hope, through thick and thin
Keep a-trying. —Nixon Waterman.

Young People

JUST LIKE FATHER.

All the afternoon the wind had been marshaling the storm clouds. With the falling of night it had increased to a gale, and whirling snow filled the air. But indoors, where mother was preparing supper, were light warmth and cheer. A loud stamping of feet at the back door announced the return of father and the boys from finishing chores. A moment later, with a shout as of the joy of battle, they are inside shaking the loose snow from caps an coats, and through the open door has swept the keen northwest wind, searching every noow and cranny of the large, comfortable one-room hewed log house.

"It's going to be a cold night, mother."

"Yes, father, but we shan't suffer," answered mother, as she placed on the table a great pile of slices of fragant, toothsome "rye and Injun" bread.

"No," said Rier, the older of the boys, neither will the stock. I tell you, we gave 'em a good feed and lots of bedding, and they're as cozy and comfortable as you please. That log barn where the horses are, is 'most as warm as this house."

"You bet!" shouted the noisy Marsh. "And didn't it seem good to get into the cows' nice shed out of the wind? Ithink it'd be fun to curl up there under a pile of straw and stay all night."

"Well, I think," remarked sister Emma as she placed the steaming bowls of hot milk beside the plates. "I think, silly, that before eight o'clock you'd be glad to come in and curl up between warm blankets under a pile of mamma's comfortables!" Sister Emma was fourteen—and wise. Her small, boastful brother was only eight. "Come, now, if you've got washed and combed; come to the table or I shan't get the dishes done to-night."

The family were settling down for a long, pleasant eveing. Mother was rocking little Anna to sleep and crooning a lullaby that to her babies was the sweetest music in all the world, though she never could sing a tune in her life. Father had taken needle and thread and was sewing on a pair of pants for one of the boys, for father had been a tailor in his younger days. Emma, her dishes done and put away, had sat down with her knitting work—a woolen stocking for herself. Rier was stuffing the stove with hickory wood. A heavier blast than any before beat against the house so furiously that the eyes of the small group bulged out, as he asked:

"Will it blow the house down, papa?"

Just then there came a knock at the door, and an awkward, bashful young fellow was admitted—a neighbor's son. He was welcomed to the circle and give a chair near the fire. Turning his back to the stove, he sat down astride the chair seat, with his arms resting on its back. Father, always intent on hospitality, tried to engage him in conversation, but succeeded in getting only monosyllables, till suddenly the boy burst out:

"It's a mighty fine night! A fellow could have a mighty fine ride, if he had a mighty fine sleigh, and a mighty fine beast." The boys snickered, and Emma dropped a stitck, but their guest rushed on: "Our best beast got cut. We reckoned ole Mother Berry done it, but we hain't named it to 'er yit."

"Oh, I don't believe Mother Berry did it," said father soothingly. Father always had a good word for the absent. "You haven't told us how your mother is."

"Marm's powerful doncey to-day."

"And your father, isn't he any better?"

"No, pap says he feels all-through-other." Having thus delivered himself, he seemed to have nothing more to say, and soon "reckoned better be goin,. "

"Poor old Mother Berry!" said father, when he was gone. "She has a temper of her own, but I don't believe she meddled with Bolan's horses."

"How good home seems such a night as this, with the fire roaring inside and the wind roaring outside," remarked the elder son, who already, at elevn years of age, had gained in the home the sebriquet of "the parson." "Marsh, let's have some nuts."

So the two boys cracked jokes and nuts for a while, and rehearsed for future use the droll speeches of their evening vistor. Then Rier pickd up a book—he always had one at hand—and Marsh climbed the ladder to snuggle down in the warm nest awaited him in the roomy attic. At nine o'clock the book was laid aside and Rier followed up the ladder. Emma was soon asleep beside little Anna in one of the two beds which occupied two corners of the great room. By and by mother climbed the ladder and put and extra comfort over the boys, and tucked the edges carefully under the feather bed, with a breathed thought of thankfulness that they were so warm and snug, and safe at home.

Father went to the door and looked out into the whiteness of the night, white obove, white below, and white through all the air. The wind still raged, the cold had increased, the great logs of the house popped with a sharp report under the grip of the Frost King. Father came in and wound the clock, while mother looked after some last things for the night. Then they, too, lay down, but father did not sleep. He heard the clock ticking off minutes as they passed—five, ten fifteen, half an hour. It struck ten. Then father spoke.

"Mother!"—hesitatingly.

"Yes, father," she answered drowsily.

"I can't sleep."

"What's the matter? Are you cold?"

"No, I'm warm. But I can't forget Mother Berry. Jane, I'm afraid the Berrys are cold."

"Well, Franklin, I don't see as we can do anything about it. You'd better go to sleep." And mother dozed off once more, and the clock went on ticking.

Fifteen minutes past ten. Again came the call. "Mother!" There was a not of decision in the voice this

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

"BOYS, THE OLD FLAG NEVER TOUCHED THE GROUND."

This sentence has become famous in American life and is often quoted. That it should be correctly quoted is important. The Boston Transcript gives the sentence as follows: "Dey got me, boys, but de old flag neber touched de groun.' " Zion's Herald, in a very beautiful tribute to Sargeant W. H. Carney, author of these words, used the same version, probably taking it from the Boston Transcript. There is no need of reducing this sentence that has become immortal to Negro dialect. In the first place we do not believe Sargeant Carney used any such broken English, however much it might in the opinion of some make the statement more characteristic. Sargeant Carney moved to New Bedford, Massachusetts, in 1840, and was therefore 23 years of age when he enlisted. He was educated in the schools of New Bedford and it is safe to say, whether he ever attended the schools or not, to have been in the midst of the New England atmosphere and have been brought up there from early childhood he would never have used such English as quoted by the Boston Transcript and the Zion's Herald. Sargeant Carney probably was not a liberally educated man, but he did possess sufficient education to fill the position of United States mail carrier for 32 years prior to six years ago at which time he became a messenger to Secretary of State of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. There is on record Mr. Carney's version of the attack on Fort Wagner, and he gives the sentence in the following words: "Boys, the old flag never touched the ground." This is the proper wording and the version in broken Negro dialect is born in the brain of some enterprising editor.—Southwestern Church Advocate.

HIS JOKE ON BEECHER.

No person is more conscious of the fact that appearances are often deceptive than the clergyman, who more than any one else is called on to avoid not only the fact but the semblance of evil. This sensitiveness has given abundant opportunity to the practical-joker friends of many a minister. This experience of Henry Ward Beecher's may or may not be true.

Among the financial friends of Mr. Beecher was an old broker in New York, an aggressive Unitarian, which sect he often said bore "the trade mark of honesty." One day he met Mr. Beecher hurrying toward Wall street ferry to avoid a sudden rainstorm.

"Take my umbrella," said the broker. "I don't need it; the coming bus takes me to my door."

At the ferry Mr. Beecher met a lady who, having no umbrella, was lamenting her inability to reach her car. The preacher forced the umbrella upon her as he said: "I will be out your way tomorrow and will call and get it."

But the great expounder of truth and honesty was horrified when upon opening the umbrella the good sister at once discovered a pasted slip upon which was written in a bold round hand: Stolen by some Presbyterian thief!"

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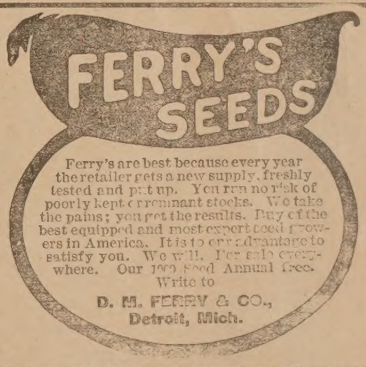
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time. Father had made up his mind.

"Well' father!" And it would not be strange if the the voice showed a trace of impatience.

"Haven't you any bedding you could spare?"

"Yes, there's plenty of bedding, but—" z z z

"Well, I wish you'd get up and make up a bundle, and I'll carry it over t oUncle Billy's."

"Oh, father, in this storm! I wish—"

But mother knew it was no use to protest when father had made up his mind. Besides, she, too, had learned in her pioneer experience not only how to give material comforts, but, what is of far more value and costs more, how to give up her own comfort and to give of her own life. The bundle was made up, and the blessed father went out into the night and the storm, and mother sat down by the stove to wait, and to feed the fire and to listen. Now she heard the barn door slam shut. Now he would be springing on old Judy's back; the hoofbeats came to her ears, muffled by the snow; then they ceased. He must be crossing the creek by this time, now climbing the bluff opposite. She went to the window and strained her eyes to look out into the night, if perchance she might see his dark form against the white ground. But the air was filled with blinding snow; her horizon was bounded by the window pane. The wind smote the house with great blows. No other sound reached her. She went back to the fire and her vigil, but her heart was out Galley Two R. H. . . . . on that bleak stretch of prairie that father must cross before going down to the poor little house under the hill, wehere lived Mother Berry, blind Uncle Billy, her husband, and the four little Berrys.

It was half past eleven. He ought to be there by this time. But two miles is a long way on such a night. Would he find the Berrys snug and warm in bed, and sound asleep, and his night ride a fool's errand? Or—a sudden fear chilled her heart—would he find the house

The clock struck tweleve, and still mother waited. Father must face the storm coming home, the icy northwest blast—if he came at all! Mother was inclined to worry. Another half hour. He should be here by this time. Again she went to the window. The clouds were breaking. A gleam of light was struggling through here and there. Even as she looked the wind swept the sky clear, and the full-orbed moon looked down on a white, white world. And there across the creek on the hillside in plain view was old Judy carefully picking her way down the unseen, uncertain path. Of course, old Judy wouldn't get lost! Mother might have known that! The man on her back is a white as the waste snow around him. But she can see him now, and—he sees her form outlined in the window by the light behind her. And with the boyish abandon so characteristic of this friend of God, he flings his arms high and gives a shout that goes ringing far on the frosty air, and sends old Judy to her stall at breakneck speed. Mother looked up at him a little severely, as she met him at the door. Perhaps his jubilant spirits had jarred on her overtense nerves. Her greeting was the one word—"Well," with the rising inflection.

"Oh, mother," he laughs, "take the broom and sweep me first."

Beside the red-hot stove, sipping an-other bowl of hot milk, he told the story.

"I found Mother Berry and blind Billy hugging the stove to keep it warm. They had pilled everything they had in the house on the bed where three of the children were sleeping, and, mother, the baby was in the oven!"

"What did they say to you?"

"Now mother, never mind what they said. That isn't what matters. They needed it. That's enough for us. I'm warm as toast now. Let go to bed. What time is it, can you see? he asked as his head touched the pillow.

"Just five minutes of one."

Mother heard the clock strike, but father was fast